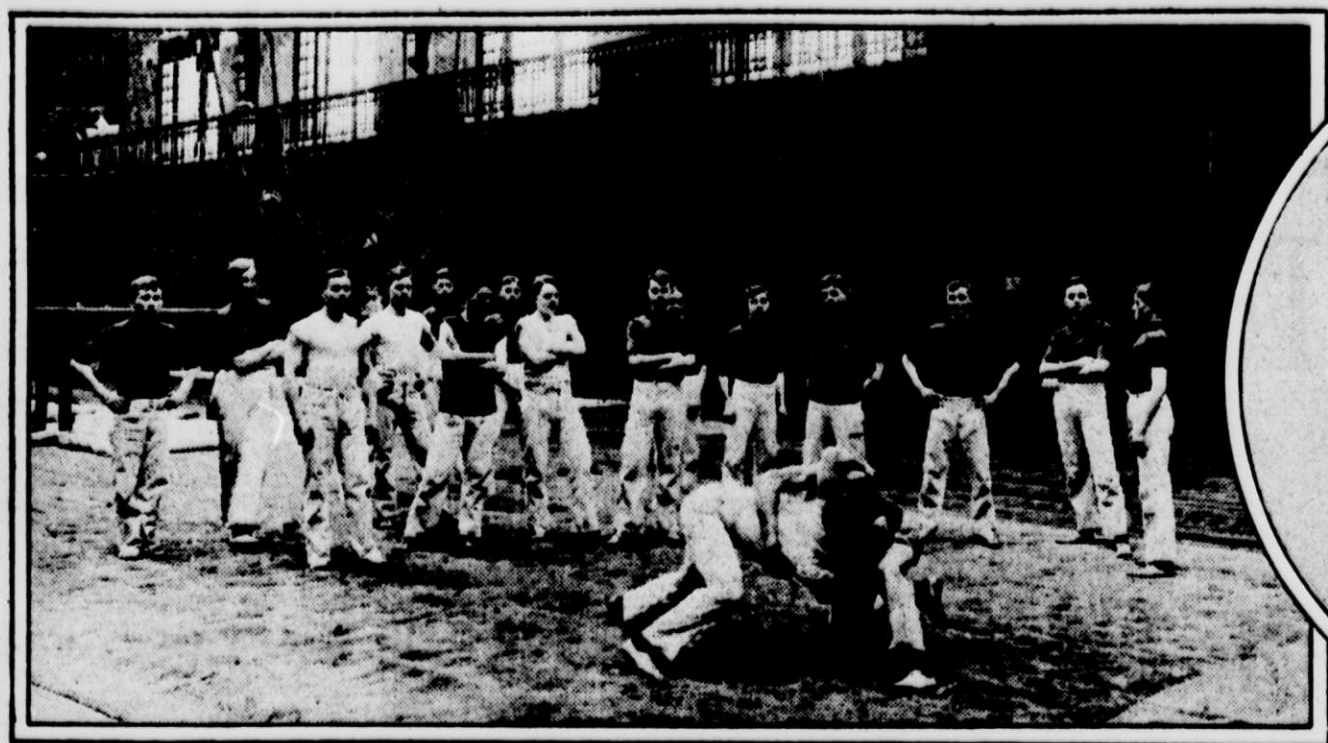


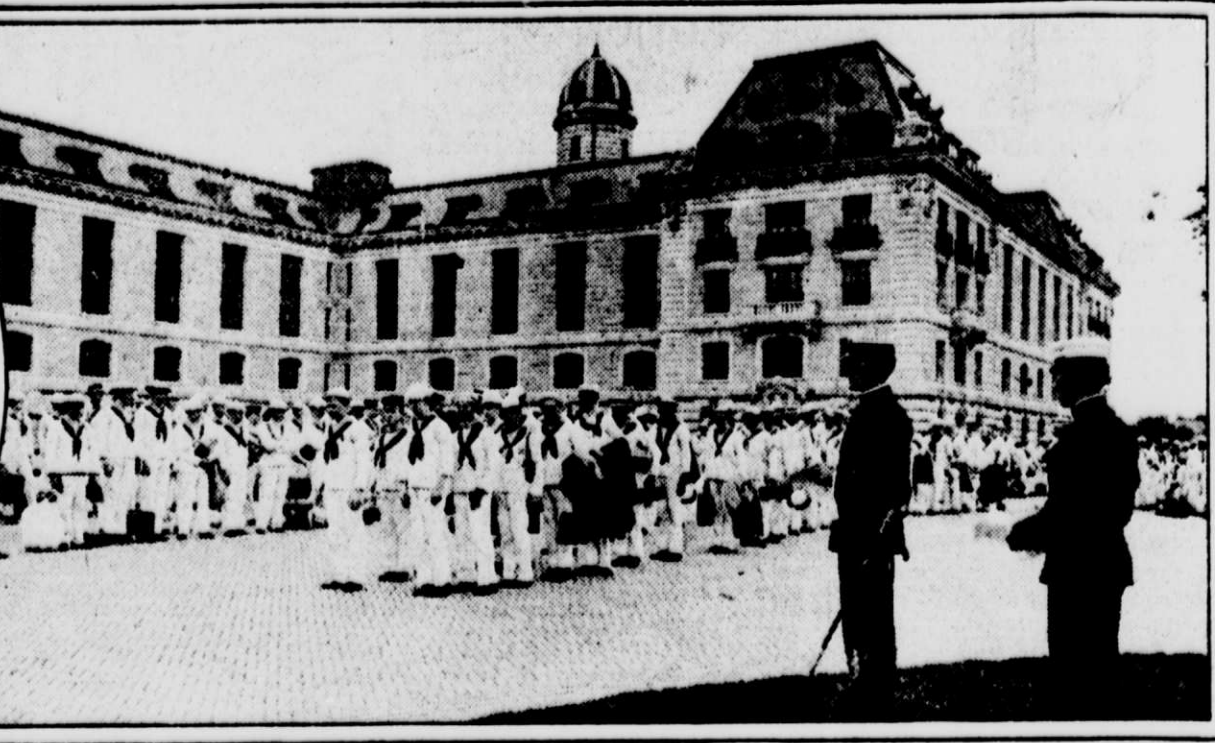
SOME LEAVES FROM THE LAND LOG OF A NAVY MAN'S WIFE



Part of the training of future Admirals.



Mrs. Gabrielle E. Jackson.



Midshipmen ready for a battleship cruise.

Work of One Woman Who Has "One Daughter and About 900 Sons in Uniform"

By M. KELTON.

ONE of our most distinguished living Admirals has said: "War is not alone of strategy and tactics or of men, but a question of resources and endurance. We of the service are not sufficient within the limits of our own organization, we must have the cooperation and coordination of our great manufacturing concerns, which are an integral part of the nation's potential force."

We must have not only the support of our great industries for real preparedness but the intimate knowledge of and use by the people of the resources already available within the service.

There is no more important unit of preparedness for our national defense than the United States Naval Academy. The American people are today making no better investment for the future, come peace or war, than in the education and training of the men whose professional ability and personal integrity we must one day trust for the efficiency of the fleet, but whose lives and traditions are less understood by the people than almost any group of men in the country. The American people are unrepresented before Congress by the brains they are taxed to train and upon which they must rely to protect the national honor.

Come with me through the Maryland avenue gate of the academy, past the midshipmen of the guard and let us look out at the world with the spirit and swing of the service back of us and through the eyes of the boys who are among the least appreciated of our national resources, but who constitute the backbone of our potential preparedness: for preparedness is not to bring on war, not to preserve the peace; it is for the purpose of giving the country a reasonable surety of success in war.

Our first shore duty was at the Naval Academy. My husband then a Lieutenant, reported in the department of mathematics and I set valiantly to work to make our quarters at least habitable. Government furniture has an exasperating way of representing the combined tastes of a long line of former occupants. It isn't as though one poor Lieutenant's wife could wring from a reluctant paymaster a whole set for one room. She is lucky if she gets two chairs. My problem lay in combining six wholly different shades of plush covered furniture so that the casual caller would be aware of nothing but my Chinese embroideries and the best brass tray, a delicate and subtle bit of strategy unknown alike to War College and General Board.

We were assigned to a top floor flat in Goldsborough row, the one where Admiral Theodore Porter's daughter wrote her name with a diamond on a window pane when she was a child and he but a Lieutenant. Admiral Benson, our present chief of operations, lived in the same flat and doubtless endured remnants of the same furniture when he was an ensign. The midshipmen called the old place the "Corals" and sometimes the "Incubators," young devil. The whole row is gone now to make way for a green lawn, but its memories will go out only with the last of the souls who peopled the shabby rooms.

I think it must be this succession of people facing at different times the same problems and difficulties, stepping actually into each other's foot-prints in work and play, which gives us that splendid spirit of the service, the warm brotherhood of thought and action that no outsider may really understand. It begins with the plebe class in the academy and goes on through the years, the evolution of a soldier's calling, and not only are the list forever and its warmth is his children's heritage. It is the unspoken generosity of the upper class men at the academy to lend a hand to younger (third class men) or plebe alike. It begins in discipline and ends in justice.

It is the cooperation of officer with men. It stands behind our guns and sweats in the stoker's hell. It is the chap who stays aboard to take another fellow's duty that some waiting wife may be happy, some child discover that the photograph he is taught to call father isn't just a make-believe. It is, more than any other thing, fleet efficiency. Its steady, unchanging existence is the armament against which administration errors break like froth. It is our safeguard for protection and against militarism.

My father had never let me visit the Naval Academy as a girl for fear I

might marry a naval officer, so I looked forward to meeting my first midshipman with a curious flareback of youth, almost as if I were to see them through the eyes of a girl. I had determined when we went to duty at the academy to have a home place for the boys who were not invited out very much. My husband told me once long years ago, when I had gone all the way from Boston to Gibraltar to be with him for four days, that no one had ever asked him out to a single meal at the time he was at the academy.

"I never went to hops," he said, "because I couldn't navigate my legs for dancing, or to call on people because I was afraid they didn't want such a quiet chap around, but I wanted to go and I spent most of my spare time reading Charlotte Bronte's novels when I should have been boning 'math' or navigation."

I never forgot that little confidence or the look in his eyes, and when I picked my first midshipman to invite to our quarters it was because he said "yes, ma'am" to me and didn't know what to do with his hands.

The Sunday after S reported we went to chapel in the academy. We were seated well back and in the shadow of one of the side balconies. It was infinitely quiet there, the very light held a quality of silence and the rows and rows of empty pews beneath the splendid dome seemed to be waiting tensely with me for some expected sound.

HANDICAPS OF THE NATIONAL GUARD IN WAR TIMES

WHEN the decision was reached to call the organized militia into the Federal service to meet a possible emergency on the southern border the bureau of militia in Washington was not caught unprepared. Forms for orders covering all possible needs were ready for the signature of the Adjutant-General, and thirty minutes after they had been signed the call was on its way to all States of the Union.

There are so many misconceptions of what militiamen really are and so many varying stories of their proficiency, or their lack of it, have been circulated that Gen. Albert L. Mills, head of the bureau, has given this statement to THE SUN:

"The Spanish-American war demonstrated at least one fact, that this country if it continued to rely for national defense upon militia as then organized was resting upon a broken reed. After four years delay and in response to the public feeling the law known as the Dick law was enacted by Congress.

"As a result of the law as amended from time to time the militia now under call developed into a force far superior in point of quality and homogeneity to the former State militia; but one which cannot for an instant stand comparison with regulars. To make such a comparison is very unfair to the patriotic men constituting the citizen army, a body which has annually on the average only fifteen days out of door practice and military training. One might as well expect to turn out a seasoned football team from college candidates by providing them with uniforms and the paraphernalia of the game, reading lectures on the rules and evolutions and giving them two weeks practice scattered over a year's time, as to look for first line troops in the present National Guardmen.

"Since none of the organizations is at war strength, while very many are not even at a minimum peace strength, there are no reserves. It is obvious that to bring these bodies to a war basis many recruits must be taken into the service. Even if these were trained men they would not be in harmony with the others; but unfortunately nearly all the recruits are ignorant of the very meaning of a soldier's calling, and not only are of small value in themselves until broken in but by reason of their inability to keep up with their comrades they impair the efficiency of the entire body. Imagine for an instant what the effect of a regiment of rookies, however gallant the individuals, would be if placed in the first line of the French at Verdun.

"This is not making the slightest reflection upon the officers or the members of the guard; it is a statement of actual conditions and it is a cruel injustice to those men to say that the standard, this law provided that the training. One might as well assert that the earnestness of the young ideal undergraduate qualifies him to perform some delicate major operation which an experienced surgeon would hesitate to undertake.

"Another thing, many people suppose that at the call all the guards-

men and along Love Lane the midshipmen wait to be joined by friends or family. All too many have neither living near enough to come to them, and these stand in groups or move off toward Bancroft Hall, which is quarters for the entire brigade. There goes my little lady of the organ loft, completely swamped by twenty or more young giants and more coming hurrying toward her along Chapel walk. I do not remember seeing in all my life so happy a face as hers.

The gas picture breaks up the people scatter and presently the streets of Annapolis are thronged with hurrying, loitering, laughing youths all moving in its very joyousness, these young men children trying to make the most of a few short hours of liberty. Many homes are thrown open to them on liberty days, both out in town and among the officers, but comparatively few boys are reached in this way.

Annapolis has no Y. M. C. A., no club, no place of amusement, no place of any kind where freedom from routine discipline may be had openly and in order and with the sanction of the authorities. Carvel Hall, the one possible hotel, the Peggy Stewart Inn and a few boarding houses must be the meeting place for friends and family, and perched on chair arms, overflowing into halls and onto stairs, lining balconies and filling benches in the grounds our boys in embryo kicks its heels, pulls down its dress jacket and is generally uncomfortable.

Bright and early of a Monday morning, jolly and happy, I went exploring. Something lovely always happens to me when I explore. I've found it from Hongkong to the Bahamas and back to New York.

First of all I inspected the quarters of the ranking officers. Some day if

my Lieutenant ever reached the exalted rank of Commander we might live in one of these houses. I sat on the bench, sacred to first class men, where my husband had been as a boy of 18. I gazed upon the academic building where at that moment he was engaged in subduing sixteen plebes. I sat in Love Lane and watched section after section march by to recreation and thanked my Maker I did not have to study what they did.

A nice yellow dog joined me, and we wandered off to look at the old statue of Teocumseh, god of two-dice, or passing mark, who must be kissed by all plebes if they remotely hope to get through the academy. There was a flight of stone steps leading over the terrace to the tennis courts below. Dog and I went down and there under the single great willow tree sat my very tiny lady of the organ loft. A watchman approaches me.

"Sorry, ma'am, you can't talk to that lady; it's again orders. She sets there and writes and there ain't no one to disturb her."

"Did you want to speak to me?" she called out.

"Every man wants to speak to her," said the departing and disgusted Jimmy legs.

We were friends before I had sat down under her tree, and would you believe it, I'd known her all my life because she wrote "Denise and Ned Toodle" in St. Nicholas, and I think that makes her partly belong to me.

"Have you any children?" I asked.

"Yes, my dear," she replied simply, "one daughter and about 900 sons in uniform."

So, here was the mother of mid-

shipmen, a tiny, alert figure, young eyes, face lined by years of physical pain and the heart and soul of her in every tone of voice and expression of her screwed up forehead.

That was the beginning. Since then, all down the years, I have been Gabrielle Jackson's honored friend and watched her work for her boys against the odds of delicate health, constant physical suffering and slender means. Her little sitting room in Carvel Hall, dubbed Sky Parlor in its early days, is the meeting place for all her sons, plebes and first class men alike. There are no "rites" there and all she asks is that they shall come to her and let her be their "little mother."

There is an open fire to stoke, big chairs a tea table to mess with and a warmth of love no boy should ever miss, no matter how good for him the discipline all through the week may be. Midshipmen of the first class have only twenty hours of liberty in a whole week and a plebe but five and a half. What wonder that they long for a home place in which to spend the precious hours.

For nine years Sky Parlor has been a home to all who wish to come, with or without introduction or invitation, and only three times has Mrs. Jackson been forced to say, "Son, I am sorry, but remember the open sesame to Sky Parlor must be clean living and high standards, and having forgotten this I think, for the sake of those who have not forgotten, it would be wiser for you to give up your visits here."

That's a small percentage of misfits from the hundreds who have passed through Annapolis and out into the service, carrying with them from Sky Parlor a sweetness and fineness they will never forget.

Commandant and officers are glad of her cooperation, for discipline and drills, strict orders and hard work may

What One Little Mother to the Midshipmen Has Done and Is Doing for Preparedness

turn out many a fine officer, but it does not always reach and help a naturally fine but high strung nature.

This is Gabrielle Jackson's work. She gives to hundreds of midshipmen, at the most susceptible period of their lives, purity of thought, regard for discipline, self-government and self-control that they may wisely govern and control the men they will one day command when they have gone out into the service. Is she doing much less in her quiet way for preparedness than all the gun manuals in Christendom?

She has outgrown Sky Parlor; indeed, she outgrew it four years ago, but her income did not augment with her constantly increasing family. She has, since her widowhood, supported herself by writing, but her labor of love has far outstripped her limited means. Last winter she was here in New York, away from her boys, trying to secure enough money to return to Annapolis next winter and rent a house for a year as an "experiment in preparedness." Should this be a success she wants to establish a home place which will be a permanent institution and where increasing numbers of midshipmen may come. With this end in view she is trying to raise an endowment fund of at least \$100,000.

It is not to be a club, for there is no membership or fee. She asks and needs no remuneration for her work other than the means to keep up the house. Midshipmen may only take three meals a week outside of Bancroft Hall, on Saturday at noon and evening and Sunday at midday. It has been Mrs. Jackson's habit to use a few of the boys each week for these meals. The business arrangements will be made with the approval of the superintendent and commandant and it only remains for her work to be well enough known to receive the support of people from all parts of the country.

The superintendent wants her. The officers want her. Read what some of the midshipmen and their mothers say:

DEAR PARAWAY LITTLE MOTHER: I've been wondering when you are coming back to us. It seems like a thousand years since I have seen you, you dear little Mother, sitting down there under the big tree on the tennis court, waiting your stories. It is all wrong for you to be away, for we need you right here. Please come home. OLIVER.

DEAR LITTLE MOTHER: There isn't a day what I don't think of you and miss you. Do please come home. With love. CHARLES.

DEAR LITTLE MOTHER: Won't you please come home real soon? If you do carry through that plan for our home place it surely will be great. Your foster son, RAYMOND.

DEAR LITTLE MOTHER: All miss you so down here and are hoping to see you back soon. Please come. Faithfully, LAMAR.

DEAREST LITTLE MOTHER: Do get quick. Harold told me you had been ill and I'll let you make yourself as hustling for us, your unselving little Mother. Stanley sends his love and we both say come home. With love, HAVEN.

DEAR LITTLE MOTHER: And that dear should be understood, for you are dearer to us now than ever before, we miss you so. Write us all about yourself and please take good care of yourself. LOVELLY.

MY VERY DEAR LITTLE MOTHER: You can't stand it much longer without you. Your plebes need you awfully. I ought to be boning, but I've got to take a minute to write to you to please come home, in the name of all your plebe foster sons. With love, HAVEN.

This is Allan's mother writing to you, my dear Mrs. Jackson, just a grateful letter, although we have all come to know you as Allan's "little Mother" of Carvel Hall and feel that a place in that great heart would be a benediction to us. May you be as happy and as many, many years to help the coming classes of midshipmen as you have helped my dear boy. A. E. R.

You blessed little Mother, how can I ever thank you for my boy's brilliant party? I only knew of it to-day and to his keen appreciation and intense enjoyment of the beautiful, courteous is added the very deepest thanks for the love of my grateful heart. How worthy you are of the love and admiration which Grigsby says "this boys' lay at your feet. * * * Again with my thanks, and there are many of us to rise up and call you blessed. Your friend, J. H. T.

FRIEND OF MY SON: How can I write you? How begin to express the emotions that pass through heart and brain as I sit with brimming eyes trying to write to his little Mother. May God forever bless you for what you and your "home place" were to his last months on earth. I'll be reading the next letters, the frequent warm answers to Sky Parlor make me so happy. It meant so much to his loving heart yearning for home and mother. Some day I shall see you and we may talk. Then the faint veil shall about be lifted and we shall feel his presence near and I'll let you make yourself as hustling for us, your unselving little Mother. Stanley sends his love and we both say come home. With love, HAVEN.

The two letters above quoted were written by the mother of Midshipman Grigsby, Thomas. He died a hero's death in trying to save the lives of Capt. Boyer of the navy ship downing.

DEAR MRS. JACKSON: My son William has written the severest letter I have ever read. A battleship was looked very big and splendid, but some way just now I have been thinking of you. I wonder how you would write to an anxious mother who told her how sick her boy was, and how sorry she was. I hope you are very well. Here is a work in which we can take part, if not by financial aid, at least by the spoken word and a understanding mind.

Just what are we doing for our preparedness? At this crisis, when our daily paper and the headlines of the well known words "preparedness" watch us if we get interested and show them. Why, we get the best little navy in the world and the best men and officers?

We of the service know that it is impossible to have a navy without money, but no hasty appropriation of money will take the place of careful training and education of the men and material. Our officers are not met the crisis which is upon us.

"The War Department, it must be noticed, had no power to order what branches of the service should be organized in any State. All it could say was: 'If you start a military body, a company of infantry, for instance, it must conform in its equipment and training to the requirements of the regular army.' To offer the inclination of the State powers to create infantry regiments, which are formed most easily and maintained at the least expense, the policy of the bureau has been to make much larger allotments of Federal money for the more expensive auxiliaries, cavalry and artillery and hospital and engineer corps, with their expensive appliances.

"The militia need have no concern about quartermaster or commissary supplies, as the Quartermaster-General takes care of that vexed question as soon as the militia enters the national service."



Brig.-Gen. Albert L. Mills.